

RESTORATION



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No. 3.

Catholic Writers Are Dull says One of Them

By Joseph A. Breig

We are living in the most exciting age in history, and we don't know it because we are dull.

Our writers are dull. Our dramatists are dull. Our movie and radio and newspaper people are dull.

Our Catholic journalists are dull, too. As dull as any of them. Maybe duller. Including me.

You Too, Brother

And including you; because the readers are as dull as the writers.

Catholic newspapers and magazines today ought to flame and crackle and roar. They ought to explode upon the public with earthquake sensationalism. They should be shocking. And the readers ought to be shocked into volcanic horror and anger. Their anger ought to blight the trees and blast the stars and blot out the sun.

I regret to say that nothing of the kind happens.

It does not happen because we are all missing the story. Or if we are not entirely missing it we are missing the meaning and the feeling of it. We are missing the horror and adventure of a terrible and wonderful area.

This is a period of martyrdom — millions of martyrdoms in a dozen nations across the earth.

Horrible and Good

It is a time of intrigue and counter-intrigue, of horrible evil and shining goodness. Heaven and hell are locked in mortal combat, and the earth shakes from the shock of the encounter. But nobody feels it. Nobody sees it. Nobody hears.

Suppose that you were living under Nero in ancient Rome. And you took up your Christian newspaper or magazine and saw no mention of St. Agnes or St. Sebastian or St. Lawrence. Or worse, suppose that what you found was a dull item mentioning in passing that a little girl had been butchered for refusing to sin. And that a soldier had been sieved with arrows for believing in God. And that a great man had been broiled alive for declining to deny Christ.

And suppose that you were so stupid, and the story so pedestrian, that you turned to the sports page.

Or You Yawned

Or you laid down the sheet and went to the theater, there to be regaled with silly pap about young love in a world where lust had destroyed love.

And then you went home and went to bed, without an outcry, without a prayer, without a protest, without hefting your sword in its scabbard, without saying to yourself that by all that's holy, these abominations have got to be stopped.

Suppose — But suppose nothing.

You're doing all those things! You're living in Nero's world, walking among martyrs, stepping daintily past abominations, and your temperature isn't rising a single degree.

You read without turning a hair of the imprisonment of archbishops, the butchery of bishops, the scientifically cruel slaughter of hundreds of thousands of priests and laymen. You know that nation upon nation lies groaning under such slavery as the world has not seen in a millennium and a half. You are told of the thousand tricks by which the sacraments are carried to people under the noses of bloody tyrants, just as they were in the days of pagan Rome.

You hear about the "living newspapers" which outwit Communist censorship.

You are smothered under monstrous propaganda against the Pope, the Church, against everything holy and decent.

Keep On Yawning

Everywhere you turn, filthy people on lecture-platforms and in newspapers and magazines are openly conspiring against the birth of the next generation, and calling for the cruel execution of the aged and the sick and the crippled.

And what in the world do you do about it? Oh, you buy the magazines that carry the rottenness. You subscribe to the newspapers that condone it by hypocritically "objective" reports.

You frequent the theatres where lust is glorified and love mocked.

You smile apologetically when virtue is attacked, and vice advertised as something plausible and even admirable.

You swallow the propaganda of the hired liars who explain that they simply had to torture this helpless nun, or slaughter this undefended priest, because after all the Church has too much property — the property being hospitals and orphanages and leprosariums, where dedicated souls labor their lives out for nothing but love of the poor and the sick.

For How Long?

And so the martyrs die unhonored and unsung and unmourned, because we are dull. Because we journalists haven't the flaming words and the flaming feelings to shock you out of your lethargy, and because you're too lethargic to be shocked.

Because we've all got used to evil; we've got the habit of hell; we don't fly into titanic righteous rage over the wickedness of the world.

There isn't enough virtue in our hearts, or adrenalin in our bodies, to get up and doing.

And all over the world the filth rises to the top, because the wicked are more convinced of their wickedness than the good are convinced of their virtue.

How long?

ST. TIMOTHY & ST. PAUL



Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

It is the urge of youthful thinking—to explore the unexplored, dreaming of new horizons and things to accomplish—that buoys one up on the trail of the lumberjack. The snowshoe-shod and pack-sack padre, among the lonely hills, is able to brave severe cold, great fatigue, and much discomfort for the good he is able to do and the fun he gets out of it.

A large percentage of the ordinary lumberjacks of ten or fifteen years ago, were rolling stones, tumbleweeds, who had come to anchor for several months in the timberlands, to recoup their wasted pocket-book, regain their health and strength, or to cast off the surfeit of urban and riotous life. They longed for the eloquent silence, the whispered and soothing meditations of the tall dark pines. They could also be men hiding from justice, from evil companions or from themselves.

A Spiritual Trapper

One had to employ, along with vibrant prayer, all kinds of wiles to be able to reach down to such a man's soul. Quite often the saving feature of the spirit of the great outdoors aided the spiritual trapper in his colossal task. The sinner adrift in the hinterland often came to see in Nature the greatness of God and the picayune might of man.

(Continued on Page Four)

Saintly Priests Needed To Fashion Lay Saints

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend — In my last letter, we discussed your preparation for the leadership of Lay Apostles, and your undertaking it, in a spirit of charity, sympathy, and understanding, without needless fears or suspicions of those laymen and women into whose souls the Lord has so definitely sent this new, hard vocation.

Today I want to talk to you about the LAY APOSTOLATE ITSELF. Yes, I know, we have spoken of little else through this lengthy correspondence of this matter, that it bears ours. But so important is seemingly endless repetition.

Here For Good

The first thing you must face is that THE LAY APOSTOLATE IS HERE TO STAY. For God wants it. The Holy See stresses it in season and out. The times demand it. The souls of men both crave and respond to it. Which means that you will have to adjust all your faculties to this fact, making it part and parcel of the preparation for the Priesthood that will be yours.

If you ask the Lay Apostles of today what do they desire most in their priest-leaders, the answer may astonish you. For above all they desire you to be PRIESTLY. Saintly, holy priests on fire with the love of God and men — that is what the Lay Apostolate needs and wants intensely.

We really do not want you to leave the Presbytery and become a workman in a factory, unless a grave emergency demands this. Nor do we wish you to try and act as a layman, for that is both our job, and the essence of our apostolate. No. Above all we want you to be what you are, A PRIEST. A dispenser of Sacraments that will feed our zeal, lead us to sanctity, and keep us in the Apostolate. A teacher of God's Truth, who will make us strong and effective in the market place. A custodian and a watchman of our souls, actions, and words.

And That's All

That, and that alone, is the true role of a priest in the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action that has come to stay in our midst and work for the restoration of a world almost lost to Christ.

Wherever there is a Lay Apostolate YOU must be there. For without you it has no being before the Lord. But you must, also always remember that it is a LAY apostolate. That the working out of its objectives are to be done by the LAY people in it. That it is of their essence to plan and execute their program. Just as it is yours to watch that every step of it, every word of it, even unto its very goal, proceeds according to the mind of God and His Church, and at no time deviates from it

even so much as by a hair's breadth.

Yet, that constant vigilance, that custodianship, is but a part, the smaller part, of your role in the Lay Apostolate. The main one is the direction of the souls of the Lay Apostles themselves. For it must never be forgotten, either by you or them, that the heart of the Lay Apostolate, its soul, is the SANCTIFICATION, the SANCTITY, of each and every Apostle engaged in it.

Do Not Forget

For the Lay Apostolate is based on that SANCTITY of its members. Let us for one moment forget this primary foundation, this ultimate goal, and the whole edifice of the Lay Apostolate will lie in ruins at your feet.

It is not what the Lay Apostles do, or accomplish, that matters. It is only what they themselves ARE, before God, that counts. Now do you see, dear friend, the infinite vision that opens before your eyes? Do you begin to understand YOUR role in this LAY APOSTOLATE THAT HAS COME TO STAY?

You are to be a SAINT-MAKER!

Do you know of any better way of "making saints" than by becoming one yourself? Here then lies the whole secret of your part in the Lay Apostolate. To try to be a saint!

Ex Ivory Tower

True, this vision will encompass much study on your part, much imparting of knowledge to those in the Apostolate. It will bring you out, perforce, from your "ivory tower," and into the world, in which you always will have your being, but of which you never can again be an integral part.

You will become the headquarters of a new army, which will come to you for orders, ready to carry them out, if need be, at the cost of the lives of all its members. You will have to plan your campaign carefully, and be sure about your orders before you issue them.

St. Saint-Maker

But when all is said and done, it will all come back to the one fundamental point. YOU ARE TO BE A SAINT-MAKER!

Here, let me repeat, lies the whole secret of YOUR part in the Lay Apostolate. That is its heart and soul. That is what you must prepare for now. That is what you must pray about. ALL THE REST WILL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

FOR THOUGH I WALK IN THE MIDST OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL
... FOR THOU ART WITH ME.

Thus speaks the holy Psalmist of the Lord.

Why shouldn't we adopt his words for our own? For in our twilight century, fears—all kinds of them—seem to be our constant companions. Fear of the future. Fear of illness or loss of security. Fear that merges with human respect, of neighbors and what they may say. Fear of being anyways different from the "herd." Fear of and for our tomorrows. Even fear of ultimate salvation.

We walk in fear.

Yet a Catholic, baptized in the name of THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, should be the most fearless person on earth. For he walks in glory. When in a state of grace the Most Holy Trinity indwells in him. Christ said so. An Angel of the Lord is with him constantly, from birth to death. His guardian Angel. And where the Trinity is ... there is Our Lady of the Trinity ... Mary the Mother of Christ. And not far off, is one's patron Saint.

In such glorious company, what is there to be afraid of? Where are the dangerous places that one must stay away from, especially when justice and charity call us into them? What does it matter what anyone thinks of us, if God is pleased enough with us to come and stay in our hearts?

Strange and incomprehensible at times are the ways of the children of light, who allow senseless fears to keep them from living a full life in Christ.

Behold this young couple, who, afraid of public opinion, and desiring to impress men, not God, rent a house at a "swanky" address. Instead of living simply and joyously in a poorer and happier home, they are mortgaging their future, their happiness, their harmonious family life ... for that fear of "what will people say or think?"

Behold the couple, who, afraid of the insecurity of the future, skimp and save every penny they can, forgetful of the need of their brothers in Christ, or of their own enjoyments ... and in doing so ... narrow their glorious lives as Catholics to miserliness and distrust of God.

Behold the ones who won't go near any poorer section of their city, any "slums" that it may possess, because bodily harm might come to them ... or who close their doors to Christ in a beggar for the same reason. How strange, how stupid an action ... for one born to walk in the glory of the same Christ!

Look at this youth, this girl who feels she must conform to dress, make-up, coiffure of the moment, or be out of the swim. Swim of what? Of the world's backwash?

Fear of illness or death has made men and women insane. Why don't they realize that both are precious gifts of Christ, the Lord? Sickness makes one into His likeness, even as all pain and sorrow does ... and brings unheard of and untasted depths of spiritual peace and understanding that cannot be reached any other way.

Death? Death is Christ calling a soul for an eternal rendezvous of Love. Oh the joy of it ... oh, the gladness of it! At long last ... Home ... in the arms of the Beloved.

The only wholesome and true fear that should be ours, sharing our nights and days ... is ... FEAR OF SIN. For it alone can destroy us forever.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The young man who trudges to the post office and back every week day—sometimes with a heavy knapsack on his back, sometimes with a sled nudging him from behind, especially on the downgrades—brought two interesting pieces of mail to Madonna House the other twilight.

One is the Catholic Writer Yearbook for 1950, edited by Edoardo Marolla, and printed by the Marolla Press, in Pence, Wisconsin. It is a comprehensive directory of Catholic publications and their manuscript needs.

The other is the Catholic Journalist, the official publication of the Catholic Press Association of the United States—with which Restoration is affiliated.

Career of Fasting

In the Yearbook I found evidence to prove what I have always said: that if you want a career writing for Catholic magazines you had better start to practice giving up cigarettes, shoes, books, food and drink, and everything else that costs money.

Mr. Marolla lists 167 Catholic publications, of which only 82 pay for stories, articles, poems, book reviews, photographs, or anything else submitted to them. Some pay as little as half a cent a word. A few of them pay much better.

Though Mr. Marolla doesn't say so, there are Catholic magazines that pay as high as \$200 to \$300 for a story or article.

The point is, however, that no writer is going to find much gold in the Catholic hills.

One On The House

In going through the Journalist I came upon a column written by Joe Breig, with this request printed above it: "Please reprint for Catholic Press Month." You will find the article on Page 1 of this issue.

Now, being both a writer and an editor, and having permitted myself to be pulled this way and that by Mr. Breig and Mr. Marolla, I find myself twisted into a shape more hopeless and confusing than a pretzel's.

As a writer, studying Mr. Marolla's little pamphlet, I wring my hands, I shrug my shoulders, and I toll a funeral bell for the future of Catholic literature. What, I ask myself in frightened and sepulchral accents, has the Catholic Press to offer bright young zeal and talent?

In deep mourning I answer myself that it offers half a cent a word—against the "fame and fortune" offered by the secular magazines for the same quality and the same effort.

Eighty-two Catholic publications pay their writers something. But what about the eighty-five who, apparently, pay not even a dime? How can they encourage Catholic writing? How can they extend the apostolate of the written word?

Aye! I sing a requiem over the Catholic Press, blow out the candles on the altar, and sneak softly from the church.

But As An Editor

But, as an editor, I don't feel like that at all. I rejoice that I can get Catholic writers to give me stories and articles for Restoration, and that I do not have to pay even for the postage on their stuff. I am more than glad I can get Joe Breig.

Joe Breig isn't an amateur. He has a column in the

Cleveland Universe Bulletin, and is assistant managing editor of that paper. He writes for a number of Catholic magazines; and he is the author of "God in Our House," published by the America Press, at \$2.50. If he had syndicated his article, scores of periodicals would have been glad to pay for it—since it is so well worth buying.

But we get it free. So does every other Catholic publication that wants it.

So then, what becomes of my gloomy picture of the Future of Catholic Literature? And why did I go to the trouble of singing a dead Mass over it when it isn't dead at all, nor even dying?

Profits? No Thanks

After a time, twisting out of the pretzel, I try to think normally about the matter. Catholic editors aren't especially interested in profits. Their aim is to disseminate



the word of God as widely as possible. They must make their periodicals as interesting as they can on the lowest imaginable budgets; and they must compete, for advertisers and for readers, with magazines that peddle sex and crime.

Now if Catholic editors have anything to peddle it is Christ, and Him crucified. If they make any profits, the surplus must go to some charity, or to a number of charities.

They have, potentially, a field of twenty-odd million readers in the North American continent—inasmuch as there are that many Catholics in the United States and Canada.

Catholics and Christ

The problem is to interest these Catholics in Christ and in His Church. And there isn't an editor in the field who isn't trying to do just that every hour of the day. There isn't one who doesn't want the best Catholic literature he can get, who will not pay for it every cent he can beg, borrow, or promote—or who will not go on his knees, if he has to, and beseech the author for it.

Your Catholic Press can be no better than its poorest writer; no worse than its best. Give it men and women who can write, and who burn with the love of God, and it will remake the world. Give it average writers, or average Catholics who write, or both, and it will vanish from the world.

Dull Writers?

terest twenty-odd million
Why is it so hard to in-
(Continued on Page Four)

The B's Corner

Today, I want to introduce to you, dear friends, a great Catholic Actionist who is also a friend of mine. I want him to be a friend of yours. For a better friend than he never lived.

Robert Foley, of 142 Crystal Ave., New London, Connecticut, called by everyone just BOB, has been lying on his back for more years than I care to count. He was injured long ago, in a baseball game. It did something to his spine, that has never been put right.

He lives in the front room of the house. A narrow cot is his true habitat. It has a lamp attached to a little table, easy to manipulate. The radio is close by. Shelves are built handy for him to reach. Books are on those shelves, many books. They overflow on to the floor, the chairs, and even the top of a big cupboard. For Bob, is in the book business.

Should you, our neighbors from across the Border, wish to buy books, any Catholic ones, write to Bob. He will get them for you, fast. And you will get a lovely note with them too.

Most Alive

I met Bob when lecturing in New London. The first thing that struck me about him was his absolute, genuine joyousness. It radiated from him, like rays from the sun. I doubt if he can move much except his arms. Yet he seemed to be glad to be where he was, glad to be alive. In fact he was the most "alive" person I ever met.

Joy, gladness, and a sense of deep peace—that is Bob. But there is more. Have you ever thought of our Holy Faith, as having—like the Word from which it stems—taken flesh? Well ... as I sat there in Bob's front room, that was so like millions of other American front rooms, and yet so different, I thought I had at last met FAITH personified.

He lived by it. Every breath of his spoke of it. His joy, his gladness, his peace and deep tranquility of soul, all had their being in it. It was something to behold!

Chained Forever

It made me glad I belonged to it, for now I saw it in all its perfect beauty—in the person of a man chained forever, it seemed, to a bed of pain ... and glad to be there because God had put him there!

With all this, Bob is as human as you or I. He will tell you a good Irish joke, with verve and a brogue. He will laugh with you uproariously, or gently. He will, I am sure, grieve with you, if you bring him, as so many do, your pain or sorrows.

His correspondence rivals that of a business man, or a statesman. He makes illness and pain beautiful, because somehow, in his own person, he connects them so clearly with God.

Yes ... I wanted you to meet Bob. For just knowing that he is on this sad earth of ours makes it a better place to live in. If you have an intention that is close to your heart, ask Bob to pray for it and you. Somehow I think he has his very own lines to Heaven.

PAX I XTI!

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Thank you dear friends for your constant and unflagging interest in us and our work. We feel very encouraged and happy about your questions regarding our life here, and our work. I will do my best to give you a sketch of both.

Madonna House is part of a Lay Apostolate Movement known as FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, which had its birth in Toronto, on Portland st., near the railway tracks. (For further information read the book, Friendship House, published by Sheed & Ward). Today it counts six "houses" or branches. One is in New York City, one is in Washington, D.C., one is in Chicago, one is in Marathon City, Wis., one is in Newburg, N.Y., and the sixth is here in Combermere, Ont., Canada.

The Combermere one — ours — is dedicated to the Rural Apostolate. The others work in the field of Interracial Justice, specifically with the Negro. All members of F.H. follow the same mode of life. But, I know you are interested especially in us, as your many letters show.

Speaking Of Us

Well, our day begins with Mass at 7.30 a.m. The Church is less than a quarter of a mile away from Madonna House. We do not mind the little walk, even in weather 30 below, as it was this morning. After Mass and breakfast, we recite the Church's official morning prayer, Prime. Then each goes to his or her allotted work until dinner (at noon), after which we go again to our lovely-white-Church-by-the-river, and spend twenty or thirty minutes before the Blessed Sacrament.

Home again, and to work until supper—with a refresher pause at four for tea. Supper is at six, after which we recite the official evening prayer of the Church, Compline, then the Rosary in common. Then begins our "free time," in which everyone does what he wishes — unless some unusual activity takes place. That is the mode of our daily life . . . PRAY AND WORK.

What do we do? That question certainly covers a lot of ground. Each Friendship House has many "departments" of work. Not all of them are as yet represented at Madonna House. We are very young yet, not being quite three years old.

And What We Do

However there is much to do. In fact more than Flewy, Pat, Paul, Rita, Eddie, and I can accomplish in a day. So we are always glad to have visitors, who come to see, to stay a while, and to lend a hand.

First there is the usual "department" of cleaning, cooking, and doing the winter chores, which, hereabouts, consist of carrying wood, taking out the garbage, burning the refuse, fetching the mail. The post office is about a mile away. Collecting the eggs from the chicken house, cleaning snow paths, sewing, and mending might also be mentioned as among the chores.

Next, comes the CLOTHING ROOM, which is not a room at all. It is located in our basement, in the shape of a long iron pipe, on which hangs the clothing your charity sends us. This "department" requires much work, and needs one person in charge of it. It begins with

the begging letters we write for clothing, continues into the constant opening, checking, hanging, sorting and giving-out of every item of clothing that reaches us, and the "thank-yous" that follow the reception of your boxes.

But oh, the joy of seeing people who need clothing depart with smiles from Madonna House, their arms laden with dresses, sweaters, coats, or jackets.

We Have Books

The Catholic Lending Library "department" is next. We have about 1500 adult books on our shelves, and about 780 for children. Since we have opened our two libraries to ALL OF RURAL CANADA, FROM COAST TO COAST, you can see for yourself that there is here much work to be done always.

First there is the typing and mimeographing of the primary catalogue, repeating the process four times a year for the issuing of supplementary ones, as new books come in. And then—there is the routine of answering letters pertaining to the library, the constant giving of information asked by subscribers — and also a lot of reading for the person in charge. After this there is the mailing-out, the checking, the receiving, and the shelving of returned books. All that spells WORK in capitals.

THE OUTER CIRCLE LETTER OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE comes next on the list of "departments." It is a monthly letter which I write, because of popular demand, and which goes out free of charge to some two thousand subscribers. It deals with God and the things of God.

We just finished, for instance, a series of 56 letters on the Mass, and have begun a new one on Catholic Action. If you are interested in getting this, just write to us, giving your full name and address. Issuing this letter means that a few people (or many) address, monthly, all the envelopes, stamp them, and make ready to fold and enclose the letter which I write and Flewy mimeographs.

We Have Letters

Correspondence is my special "department." Ten thousand first class letters flow every year from my desk to friends all over the world, in answer to their letters to me. Oh for some generous soul, with a knowledge of stenography and typing, who would receive from the Holy Ghost the vocation to the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style! How I would welcome her!

Nursing is another "department." So far as I am concerned, it has functioned until now only on a half-cylinder. For I do the nursing hereabouts, when there is a call for it. Bringing babies into the world, or I should say helping the doctor to do so. (in most cases) is the major part of that job. But there are also sicknesses that demand a nurse, and there are accidents of all kinds.

We Need a Nurse

Frankly I am making a perpetual novena, it seems, for a graduate nurse. For there is so much we could do in this department of Madonna House if only we had one. First, my dream of a little Lying-In Hospital of four beds, to be located in

our auxiliary house of St. Joseph nearby, would come true. Then the really sick would get proper home nursing, with an RN on the job. The local doctors alone could keep a nurse busy.

Then there is the teaching aspect of our work. Red Cross Home Nursing courses, a twelve week affair, are much in demand, as they should be in a rural community like ours, so far away from medical centers.

Our two schools, I imagine, could use a permanent nurse too . . . the vistas are endless.

About The Paper

Restoration, our little paper, which you are reading even now — well, that is yet another "department" of our work. It has to be written. Proofs must be corrected. The whole thing "made up" and printed. Then it must be addressed, by hand, sorted out, and mailed. It all takes time and help.

The Summer School of Catholic Action, which is open to everyone interested, from July 1st to August 15th, is a big "department" indeed.

Physically, it involves, the preparation of rooms, beds, linen, food, and all things needed for the daily life of a group of 15 to 20 people, who come, usually for a week. Each course is a weekly one. It also involves much organization, writing, meeting trains, etc.

Furthermore, it also means selecting, contacting, and getting the faculty and planning the courses, and the recreations that go with what, for most people, is a "vacation time."

Local Works

Local Club work is another "department" to work at. It stands to reason that when a Rural Settlement House comes into a community, it is there to serve. So its members join, and work in and with, the already-existing organizations in that Com-



IMPRINT

By Lucie Lamperto

Their hands are filled with gifts, oh Lord,

Who walk Thy ways
And with their consecrated hands

Bless all our days.

A joyous nature smiles upon
Their Lordship here
And dreams about the One who left

Such imprint clear.

So that the world might say:
"Tis thus

He would have done—
In mankind's service from the rise
Past setting sun."

1950 — Catholic Action Year

By A. MacKinnon



The New Year's bells of 1950 ushered in a year of ceaseless activity for Catholic Action Workers. And although this is true for C-A Workers all over the world, we are thinking especially of those who have answered the challenge here in Canada and in the United States.

Always, of course, the life of the Lay Apostle is an active one. That comes from the very nature of Catholic Action. Engaged in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Giving good example in every walk of life. Pointing out the way to the spiritually blind. Stirring the indifferent out of their lifeless torpor.

Hearts vs. Heads

All that is an intensely active work which is part and parcel of the daily round of activity of every Catholic Actionist. And yet we regret that there are more than a few self-styled "good old-fashioned Christians" who point an accusing finger at Catholic Actionists and ask where is the action of these "modern fanatics." But we at least thank God that their hearts are much better than their heads.

Our Holy Father Pius XII told us that he has a firm hope of a great religious revival in 1950. In his Christmas allocution to the Sacred College of Cardinals and to the world he said: "The rightful harmony between heavenly values and those of earth, between the divine and the human, which is the office and the duty of our generation will be realized or at least hastened, if the faithful of Christ remain firm in their resolves, continue steadfast in the work they have undertaken, and refuse to allow themselves to be seduced by vain utopias or led astray by party interests and selfishness."

Limited Lales

Who is going to make sure that the faithful are not seduced? Especially those members of the faithful who belong to the young, modern "fast set"? There are many Catholics today whose only contact with religion is limited to a lackadaisical,

mechanical attendance at Mass on Sunday. And if at all possible, at a where there is no sin and no sermon—and let speed on the part of the brant. And of course, a near the door. This as a hasty exit when the blessing is almost complete.

There are many of people. Who is able to contact between them Christ? Who will see that they participate in "longed for revival of modern world"? It will be done by the Apostles Catholic Action or it will be done at all.

Now Or Else

It is during this year, than ever before, that Catholic Action movement will be in the limelight. It must not fail. It is the young, zealous Lay Apostles who will be called upon to go out into the highways, byways, into the streets, lanes, to carry the message of Christ to a HUNG world.

Time and time again, Pontiffs, especially Pius and Pius XII, have known how much they on Catholic Action. Pius in his great encyclical on the Reconstruction of Social Order said: "It is the CHIEF duty, Venerable Brethren, and that of clergy, to seek diligently select prudently, and fittingly these lay apostles amongst workingmen amongst employers."

The 1950 Challenge

Thousands will remain deaf to the voice of clergy. And this for a of reasons. If the message of Christ Who died on Cross for every member the Mystical Body is to be heard by these thousand will come only through workers of Catholic Action. True, many other Catholic organizations will be of valuable assistance. But there is a great work to be done, and without Catholic Action it will remain undone.

So 1950 presents the challenge. And many Catholic Action Apostles will accept it.

Catholic Action

By Paul Harris

Catholic Action is love in Action and so we must remember that it is essentially something we are; and not something we do

Catholic Action is love in action that has for its goal the return of men

to God. The return of men to God means restoration of the whole world to Christ. But if we are to restore the world to Christ we must first restore ourselves to the love of God.

(Continued on Page Four)

RESTORATION

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

FOR THOUGH I WALK IN THE MIDST OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL
... FOR THOU ART WITH ME.

Thus speaks the holy Psalmist of the Lord.

Why shouldn't we adopt his words for our own? For in our twilight century, fears—all kinds of them—seem to be our constant companions. Fear of the future. Fear of illness or loss of security. Fear that merges with human respect, of neighbors and what they may say. Fear of being anyways different from the "herd." Fear of and for our tomorrows. Even fear of ultimate salvation.

We walk in fear.

Yet a Catholic, baptized in the name of THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, should be the most fearless person on earth. For he walks in glory. When in a state of grace the Most Holy Trinity indwells in him. Christ said so. An Angel of the Lord is with him constantly, from birth to death. His guardian Angel. And where the Trinity is ... there is Our Lady of the Trinity ... Mary the Mother of Christ. And not far off, is one's patron Saint.

In such glorious company, what is there to be afraid of? Where are the dangerous places that one must stay away from, especially when justice and charity call us into them? What does it matter what anyone thinks of us, if God is pleased enough with us to come and stay in our hearts?

Strange and incomprehensible at times are the ways of the children of light, who allow senseless fears to keep them from living a full life in Christ.

Behold this young couple, who, afraid of public opinion, and desiring to impress men, not God, rent a house at a "swanky" address. Instead of living simply and joyously in a poorer and happier home, they are mortgaging their future, their happiness, their harmonious family life ... for that fear of "what will people say or think?"

Behold the couple, who, afraid of the insecurity of the future, skimp and save every penny they can, forgetful of the need of their brothers in Christ, or of their own enjoyments ... and in doing so ... narrow their glorious lives as Catholics to miserliness and distrust of God.

Behold the ones who won't go near any poorer section of their city, any "slums" that it may possess, because bodily harm might come to them ... or who close their doors to Christ in a beggar for the same reason. How strange, how stupid an action ... for one born to walk in the glory of the same Christ!

Look at this youth, this girl who feels she must conform to dress, make-up, coiffure of the moment, or be out of the swim. Swim of what? Of the world's backwash?

Fear of illness or death has made men and women insane. Why don't they realize that both are precious gifts of Christ, the Lord? Sickness makes one into His likeness, even as all pain and sorrow does ... and brings unheard of and untasted depths of spiritual peace and understanding that cannot be reached any other way.

Death? Death is Christ calling a soul for an eternal rendezvous of Love. Oh the joy of it ... oh, the gladness of it! At long last ... Home ... in the arms of the Beloved.

The only wholesome and true fear that should be ours, sharing our nights and days ... is ... FEAR OF SIN. For it alone can destroy us forever.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The young man who trudges to the post office and back every week day—sometimes with a heavy knapsack on his back, sometimes with a sled nudging him from behind, especially on the downgrades—brought two interesting pieces of mail to Madonna House the other twilight.

One is the Catholic Writer Yearbook for 1950, edited by Edoardo Marolla, and printed by the Marolla Press, in Pence, Wisconsin. It is a comprehensive directory of Catholic publications and their manuscript needs.

The other is the Catholic Journalist, the official publication of the Catholic Press Association of the United States—with which Restoration is affiliated.

Career of Fasting

In the Yearbook I found evidence to prove what I have always said: that if you want a career writing for Catholic magazines you had better start to practice giving up cigarettes, shoes, books, food and drink, and everything else that costs money.

Mr. Marolla lists 167 Catholic publications, of which only 82 pay for stories, articles, poems, book reviews, photographs, or anything else submitted to them. Some pay as little as half a cent a word. A few of them pay much better.

Though Mr. Marolla doesn't say so, there are Catholic magazines that pay as high as \$200 to \$300 for a story or article.

The point is, however, that no writer is going to find much gold in the Catholic hills.

One On The House

In going through the Journalist I came upon a column written by Joe Breig, with this request printed above it: "Please reprint for Catholic Press Month." You will find the article on Page 1 of this issue.

Now, being both a writer and an editor, and having permitted myself to be pulled this way and that by Mr. Breig and Mr. Marolla, I find myself twisted into a shape more hopeless and confusing than a pretzel's.

As a writer, studying Mr. Marolla's little pamphlet, I wring my hands, I shrug my shoulders, and I toll a funeral bell for the future of Catholic literature. What, I ask myself in frightened and sepulchral accents, has the Catholic Press to offer bright young zeal and talent?

In deep mourning I answer myself that it offers half a cent a word—against the "fame and fortune" offered by the secular magazines for the same quality and the same effort.

Eighty-two Catholic publications pay their writers something. But what about the eighty-five who, apparently, pay not even a dime? How can they encourage Catholic writing? How can they extend the apostolate of the written word?

Aye! I sing a requiem over the Catholic Press, blow out the candles on the altar, and sneak softly from the church.

But As An Editor

But, as an editor, I don't feel like that at all. I rejoice that I can get Catholic writers to give me stories and articles for Restoration, and that I do not have to pay even for the postage on their stuff. I am more than glad I can get Joe Breig.

Joe Breig isn't an amateur. He has a column in the

Cleveland Universe Bulletin, and is assistant managing editor of that paper. He writes for a number of Catholic magazines; and he is the author of "God in Our House," published by the America Press, at \$2.50. If he had syndicated his article, scores of periodicals would have been glad to pay for it—since it is so well worth buying.

But we get it free. So does every other Catholic publication that wants it.

So then, what becomes of my gloomy picture of the Future of Catholic Literature? And why did I go to the trouble of singing a dead Mass over it when it isn't dead at all, nor even dying?

Profits? No Thanks

After a time, twisting out of the pretzel, I try to think normally about the matter. Catholic editors aren't especially interested in profits. Their aim is to disseminate



the word of God as widely as possible. They must make their periodicals as interesting as they can on the lowest imaginable budgets; and they must compete, for advertisers and for readers, with magazines that peddle sex and crime.

Now if Catholic editors have anything to peddle it is Christ, and Him crucified. If they make any profits, the surplus must go to some charity, or to a number of charities.

They have, potentially, a field of twenty-odd million readers in the North American continent—inasmuch as there are that many Catholics in the United States and Canada.

Catholics and Christ

The problem is to interest these Catholics in Christ and in His Church. And there isn't an editor in the field who isn't trying to do just that every hour of the day. There isn't one who doesn't want the best Catholic literature he can get, who will not pay for it every cent he can beg, borrow, or promote—or who will not go on his knees, if he has to, and beseech the author for it.

Your Catholic Press can be no better than its poorest writer; no worse than its best. Give it men and women who can write, and who burn with the love of God, and it will remake the world. Give it average writers, or average Catholics who write, or both, and it will vanish from the world.

Dull Writers?

terest twenty-odd million Why is it so hard to in- (Continued on Page Four)

The B's Corner

Today, I want to introduce to you, dear friends, a great Catholic Actionist who is also a friend of mine. I want him to be a friend of yours. For a better friend than he never lived.

Robert Foley, of 142 Crystal Ave., New London, Connecticut, called by everyone just BOB, has been lying on his back for more years than I care to count. He was injured long ago, in a baseball game. It did something to his spine, that has never been put right.

He lives in the front room of the house. A narrow cot is his true habitat. It has a lamp attached to a little table, easy to manipulate. The radio is close by. Shelves are built handy for him to reach. Books are on those shelves, many books. They overflow on to the floor, the chairs, and even the top of a big cupboard. For Bob, is in the book business.

Should you, our neighbors from across the Border, wish to buy books, any Catholic ones, write to Bob. He will get them for you, fast. And you will get a lovely note with them too.

Most Alive

I met Bob when lecturing in New London. The first thing that struck me about him was his absolute, genuine joyousness. It radiated from him, like rays from the sun. I doubt if he can move much except his arms. Yet he seemed to be glad to be where he was, glad to be alive. In fact he was the most "alive" person I ever met.

Joy, gladness, and a sense of deep peace—that is Bob. But there is more. Have you ever thought of our Holy Faith, as having—like the Word from which it stems—taken flesh? Well ... as I sat there in Bob's front room, that was so like millions of other American front rooms, and yet so different, I thought I had at last met FAITH personified.

He lived by it. Every breath of his spoke of it. His joy, his gladness, his peace and deep tranquility of soul, all had their being in it. It was something to behold!

Chained Forever

It made me glad I belonged to it, for now I saw it in all its perfect beauty—in the person of a man chained forever, it seemed, to a bed of pain ... and glad to be there because God had put him there!

With all this, Bob is as human as you or I. He will tell you a good Irish joke, with verve and a brogue. He will laugh with you uproariously, or gently. He will, I am sure, grieve with you, if you bring him, as so many do, your pain or sorrows.

His correspondence rivals that of a business man, or a statesman. He makes illness and pain beautiful, because somehow, in his own person, he connects them so clearly with God.

Yes ... I wanted you to meet Bob. For just knowing that he is on this sad earth of ours makes it a better place to live in. If you have an intention that is close to your heart, ask Bob to pray for it and you. Somehow I think he has his very own lines to Heaven.

PAX IXTI

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Thank you dear friends for your constant and unflagging interest in us and our work. We feel very encouraged and happy about your questions regarding our life here, and our work. I will do my best to give you a sketch of both.

Madonna House is part of a Lay Apostolate Movement known as FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, which had its birth in Toronto, on Portland st., near the railway tracks. (For further information read the book, Friendship House, published by Sheed & Ward). Today it counts six "houses" or branches. One is in New York City, one is in Washington, D.C., one is in Chicago, one is in Marathon City, Wis., one is in Newburg, N.Y., and the sixth is here in Combermere, Ont., Canada.

The Combermere one — ours — is dedicated to the Rural Apostolate. The others work in the field of Interracial Justice, specifically with the Negro. All members of F.H. follow the same mode of life. But, I know you are interested especially in us, as your many letters show.

Speaking Of Us

Well, our day begins with Mass at 7.30 a.m. The Church is less than a quarter of a mile away from Madonna House. We do not mind the little walk, even in weather 30 below, as it was this morning. After Mass and breakfast, we recite the Church's official morning prayer, Prime. Then each goes to his or her allotted work until dinner (at noon), after which we go again to our lovely-white-Church-by-the-river, and spend twenty or thirty minutes before the Blessed Sacrament.

Home again, and to work until supper—with a refreshing pause at four for tea. Supper is at six, after which we recite the official evening prayer of the Church, Compline, then the Rosary in common. Then begins our "free time," in which everyone does what he wishes — unless some unusual activity takes place. That is the mode of our daily life . . . PRAY AND WORK.

What do we do? That question certainly covers a lot of ground. Each Friendship House has many "departments" of work. Not all of them are as yet represented at Madonna House. We are very young yet, not being quite three years old.

And What We Do

However there is much to do. In fact more than Flewy, Pat, Paul, Rita, Eddie, and I can accomplish in a day. So we are always glad to have visitors, who come to see, to stay a while, and to lend a hand.

First there is the usual "department" of cleaning, cooking, and doing the winter chores, which, hereabouts, consist of carrying wood, taking out the garbage, burning the refuse, fetching the mail. The post office is about a mile away. Collecting the eggs from the chicken house, cleaning snow paths, sewing, and mending might also be mentioned as among the chores.

Next, comes the CLOTHING ROOM, which is not a room at all. It is located in our basement, in the shape of a long iron pipe, on which hangs the clothing your charity sends us. This "department" requires much work, and needs one person in charge of it. It begins with

the begging letters we write for clothing, continues into the constant opening, checking, hanging, sorting and giving-out of every item of clothing that reaches us, and the "thank-yous" that follow the reception of your boxes.

But oh, the joy of seeing people who need clothing depart with smiles from Madonna House, their arms laden with dresses, sweaters, coats, or jackets.

We Have Books

The Catholic Lending Library "department" is next. We have about 1500 adult books on our shelves, and about 780 for children. Since we have opened our two libraries to ALL OF RURAL CANADA, FROM COAST TO COAST, you can see for yourself that there is here much work to be done always.

First there is the typing and mimeographing of the primary catalogue, repeating the process four times a year for the issuing of supplementary ones, as new books come in. And then—there is the routine of answering letters pertaining to the library, the constant giving of information asked by subscribers — and also a lot of reading for the person in charge. After this there is the mailing-out, the checking, the receiving, and the shelving of returned books. All that spells WORK in capitals.

The OUTER CIRCLE LETTER OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE comes next on the list of "departments." It is a monthly letter which I write, because of popular demand, and which goes out free of charge to some two thousand subscribers. It deals with God and the things of God.

We just finished, for instance, a series of 56 letters on the Mass, and have begun a new one on Catholic Action. If you are interested in getting this, just write to us, giving your full name and address. Issuing this letter means that a few people (or many) address, monthly, all the envelopes, stamp them, and make ready to fold and enclose the letter which I write and Flewy mimeographs.

We Have Letters

Correspondence is my special "department." Ten thousand first class letters flow every year from my desk to friends all over the world, in answer to their letters to me. Oh for some generous soul, with a knowledge of stenography and typing, who would receive from the Holy Ghost the vocation to the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style! How I would welcome her!

Nursing is another "department." So far as I am concerned, it has functioned until now only on a half-cylinder. For I do the nursing hereabouts, when there is a call for it. Bringing babies into the world, or I should say helping the doctor to do so (in most cases) is the major part of that job. But there are also sicknesses that demand a nurse, and there are accidents of all kinds.

We Need a Nurse

Frankly I am making a perpetual novena, it seems, for a graduate nurse. For there is so much we could do in this department of Madonna House if only we had one. First, my dream of a little Lying-In Hospital of four beds, to be located in

our auxiliary house of St. Joseph nearby, would come true. Then the really sick would get proper home nursing, with an RN on the job. The local doctors alone could keep a nurse busy.

Then there is the teaching aspect of our work. Red Cross Home Nursing courses, a twelve week affair, are much in demand, as they should be in a rural community like ours, so far away from medical centers.

Our two schools, I imagine, could use a permanent nurse too . . . the vistas are endless.

About The Paper

Restoration, our little paper, which you are reading even now — well, that is yet another "department" of our work. It has to be written. Proofs must be corrected. The whole thing "made up" and printed. Then it must be addressed, by hand, sorted out, and mailed. It all takes time and help.

The Summer School of Catholic Action, which is open to everyone interested, from July 1st to August 15th, is a big "department" indeed.

Physically, it involves, the preparation of rooms, beds, linen, food, and all things needed for the daily life of a group of 15 to 20 people, who come, usually for a week. Each course is a weekly one. It also involves much organization, writing, meeting trains, etc.

Furthermore, it also means selecting, contacting, and getting the faculty and planning the courses, and the recreations that go with what, for most people, is a "vacation time."

Local Works

Local Club work is another "department" to work at. It stands to reason that when a Rural Settlement House comes into a community, it is there to serve. So its members join, and work in and with, the already-existing organizations in that Community.

(Continued on Page Four)



IMPRINT

By Lucie Lamperto

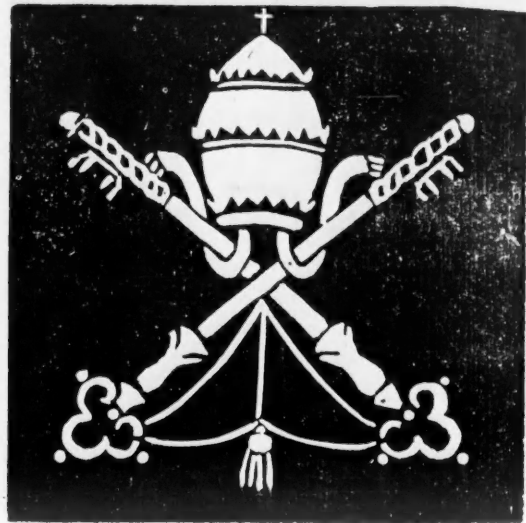
Their hands are filled with gifts, oh Lord,
Who walk Thy ways
And with their consecrated hands
Bless all our days.

A joyous nature smiles upon
Their Lordship here
And dreams about the One
who left
Such imprint clear.

So that the world might say:
"Tis thus
He would have done—
In mankind's service from
the rise
Past setting sun."

1950 — Catholic Action Year

By A. MacKinnon



The New Year's bells of 1950 ushered in a year of ceaseless activity for Catholic Action Workers. And although this is true for C-A Workers all over the world, we are thinking especially of those who have answered the challenge here in Canada and in the United States.

Always, of course, the life of the Lay Apostle is an active one. That comes from the very nature of Catholic Action. Engaged in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Giving good example in every walk of life. Pointing out the way to the spiritually blind. Stirring the indifferent out of their lifeless torpor.

Hearts vs. Heads

All that is an intensely active work which is part and parcel of the daily round of activity of every Catholic Actionist. And yet we regret that there are more than a few self-styled "good old-fashioned Christians" who point an accusing finger at Catholic Actionists and ask where is the action of these "modern fanatics." But we at least thank God that their hearts are much better than their heads.

Our Holy Father Pius XII told us that he has a firm hope of a great religious revival in 1950. In his Christmas allocution to the Sacred College of Cardinals and to the world he said: "The rightful harmony between heavenly values and those of earth, between the divine and the human, which is the office and the duty of our generation will be realized or at least hastened, if the faithful of Christ remain firm in their resolves, continue steadfast in the work they have undertaken, and refuse to allow themselves to be seduced by vain utopias or led astray by party interests and selfishness."

Limited Laics

Who is going to make sure that the faithful are not seduced? Especially those members of the faithful who belong to the young, modern "fast set"? There are many Catholics today whose only contact with religion is limited to a lackadaisical,

mechanical attendance at Mass on Sunday. And if it is at all possible, at a Mass where there is no singing and no sermon—and lots of speed on the part of the celebrant. And of course, a seat near the door. This assures a hasty exit when the last blessing is almost completed.

There are many of these people. Who is able to make contact between them and Christ? Who will see to it that they participate in the "longed for revival of the modern world"? It will be done by the Apostles of Catholic Action or it will not be done at all.

Now Or Else

It is during this year, more than ever before, that the Catholic Action movement will be in the limelight. And it must not fail. It is these young, zealous Lay Apostles who will be called upon to go out into the highways and byways, into the streets and lanes, to carry the message of Christ to a HUNGRY world.

Time and time again the Pontiffs, especially Pius XI and Pius XII, have made known how much they rely on Catholic Action. Pius XI, in his great encyclical letter on the Reconstruction of the Social Order said: "It is your CHIEF duty, Venerable Brethren, and that of your clergy, to seek diligently, to select prudently, and train fittingly these lay apostles, amongst workmen and amongst employers."

The 1950 Challenge

Thousands will remain deaf to the voice of the clergy. And this for a host of reasons. If the message of Christ Who died on the Cross for every member of the Mystical Body is to be heard by these thousands, it will come only through the workers of Catholic Action. True, many other Catholic organizations will be of invaluable assistance. But there is a great work to be done, and without Catholic Action it will remain undone.

So 1950 presents the challenge. And many Catholic Action Apostles will surely accept it.

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to God. The return of men to God means restoration of the whole world to Christ. But if we are to restore the world to Christ we must first restore ourselves to the love of God.

(Continued on Page Four)

Tony and Martin

By Anthony Constable

One of my buddies, in camp at Edmonton, was a soldier I shall call Jay. He had been a Catholic, but at this time he looked upon Communism as a remedy for all existing ills—the result of having completed his education at one of our Godless, materialistic, big universities.

When I talked about Blessed Martin de Porres, he listened with friendly interest; but not with any belief at all. He went on fur-lough sometime in October. When he returned, three weeks later, he was a picture of gloom.

"Everything seems to happen to me," he remarked. "I get out of one mess and get into another. I guess I don't live right."

Naturally I took advantage of the opportunity. Why is it that men will let you talk to them of God or the saints only when they are sad, when they need help—never when they are happy, self-confident, prosperous, or glowing with health?

Martin Takes Over

"Let me give you one of Martin's novena books," I said. "Then you ask him to take over your problems." To my great surprise he took the book, and asked me to explain the meaning of the novena, and how to go about making it.

The days that followed were happy, as I watched him reading the beautiful prayers contained in the little book, and noted that something like faith was coming back to him. Ten days later he came to me bubbling with excitement. "It worked! It worked! I just received good news."

I said, in words that betrayed emotion, I am afraid, that he had found faith, that with faith all things are possible. God had said so, and He cannot lie.

Later he received word that his wife was under the care of a doctor. She had a heart ailment, and the doctor feared she would not live.

"How about sending her a relic card of Blessed Martin?" I asked.

Mrs. Jay Also

"I was thinking of that," Jay said. "But she's more of an unbeliever than I was at my worst. Anyway, there's no harm in trying."

He let me read the letter she wrote him. She said that, as soon as she had handled the relic card, all pain seemed to have left her. She was amazed at that. But she was not amazed at having received the card. She had already heard of Martin, as there was a Blessed Martin Home in Rochester, N.Y., where colored children were cared for. She had made inquiries about Martin after learning of that institution.

The day came when Jay lost his fountain pen. We put Blessed Martin on the trail; and quite a few of us got interested in the hunt. One of the boys found it, on the third day, lying on a carcass of beef in the butcher shop.

The day came also when Jay said he would like to go with me to Mass in the chapel. He was on his way back. Martin was doing a good job. But there was a barrier, in his marriage, between him and his return to the Sacraments.

However, nothing is too big for Martin; and, some day, I hope to tell you the wonders he performed for Jay—give you the glorious end of this story.



COMBERMERE

(Continued from Page Three)

munity. We do. With the Red Cross, and with the Woman's Institute, an adult 4H affair. And sometimes we lend a hand in starting new clubs, as we did with our own Catholic Ladies here, when one of them, Mrs. A. Blais, suggested it would be a good idea to have such a club. It is in its second year now. The work is done by the women themselves, but we are proud and happy to be part of it.

Lecturing and writing books and articles for many Catholic publications, is a "department." Growing much of our vegetables, and raising chicks and pigs, and looking after four bee hives is yet another.

But, we are not satisfied yet. We dream of more things to do. A handicraft center, a woman's exchange, where local folks could sell the work of their hands to the many tourists who visit this spot annually, is another; Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides; a baseball team, a soft ball team for girls, credit unions... oh, we have so many foolish dreams in the Lord! Who can tell if they will not come true someday?

Here then is my answer, dear friends, to your inquiries about our life and work. You can see we are happy and busy. Please join us in thanking God, and add a little whispered prayer for a stenographer and a graduate nurse.

THANK YOU.

CATHOLIC ACTION

(Continued from Page Three)

If during the sixteenth century those who wanted to reform the world had first reformed themselves, we would not have much of the confusion and disorder of our present world. In like manner if we wish to restore the world to Christ we must make sure that Christ is first restored within our souls.

Catholic Action is teaching others to love God from the knowledge we have gained by first loving God ourselves.

In this age of energy people are often misled into believing that Catholic Action means giving ourselves unreservedly to the lay apostolate and letting God take care of everything else. But the truth is we must first give ourselves unreservedly to God and then God will take care of our lay apostolate.

The kingdom of God is still within us and if we first discover this kingdom in a deep interior life of prayer and conformity to the will of God, then the kingdom of God will overflow out of our souls and envelop others—and this will be true Catholic Action.

SAINT MARGARET of Scotland



Those who instruct others to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

On one of my trips to the woods I had the assistance of a young priest, who was to make his debut that winter in the lumber camps. While packing his duffle bag he wanted to know if he should include his pyjamas with the limited gear he could carry.

My reply was negative, of course. I added that a volume or two of moral theology would be more practical. As he looked at me in innocent astonishment I put this question to him: "What would you do with a top-loader, a chicadee, or a handyman who, in the not too distant past, had burned a whole city block, robbed a bank, or murdered his mother-in-law?"

A Few Sinners

Smirking wisely with my stiff upper lip, I went on to say, as the young priest's eyes grew larger and larger: "A number of the bucks you tumble out of a bunk in a lumber sleep-camp and entice behind the 'blanket' in the dining hall are guilty of smashing to smithereens all of the Ten Commandments, in the most fantastic ways. Of course, you won't have much time to refer to the theological tomes, but their presence in your kit will give you confidence—and perhaps help to allay the itch from your woolies. You understand I hope, that you'll sleep and wake for the next two weeks in the same heavy woollen underwear."

Hair on Chest

My plan was to arrive at the bush works about noon. I would then mingle with the men of the different gangs, trying my skill and strength with as many of the phases of operation as possible. The purpose was not to "show off" altogether, but to attract as much attention as possible. I took a lot of chances, and very often had sore muscles, skinned shins, and blisters for my trouble. But I wanted to convince the burly onlookers that although I was a priest, I had hair on my chest. I knew full well that there is one kind of human being that the lumberjack despises and shuns. That is a "sissy-pants."

If I could roll a log, guide a team of horses, fill a watering tank, saw or chop down a tree, placing it in a certain spot, etc., etc., as well as any crew-man, by evening my stock would rise one hundred per cent, and the success of my visit to that camp would be assured.

The apostolic missionaries had the gift of miracles so as to sell the Faith to the multitude. The modern bush-whacking padre, to sustain the Faith, has, to a certain extent, to sell himself to the men of the timberlands, where physical strength, prowess, and endurance are the order of the day.

FIVE ACRES

(Continued from Page Two)

Catholics today in Christ? Is it because they have been fed up on dull writers? Are we Catholic writers all dull?

But suppose we become revived in God? Suppose we become saints, we who believe we can write! Can you imagine twenty-million apathetic Catholic readers then?

The Average Catholic Writer isn't interested in making a name for himself, or in making a living. He is, usually, a person in love with God.

Ability vs. Sanctity

If he is a good writer, as well as a good Catholic, he can make thousands of readers love God, or wish to know and to love Him. If he is not a good writer he will not accomplish much, though he give away every page he scribbles, though he live the life of a saint.

A writer who is sentimental, sloppy, amateurish, statistical, or colorless, can make religion gushy, ridiculous, or dismally dull. Such a writer may rate a halo from his pastor; he should catch hell from his editor.

A Catholic writer, good or bad, rating him by ability, eventually gets into such a state that he wants to write of nothing but God and the things of God. Show him a blue jay flashing vivid color against the bone-white of a winter birch and he sees the Infant Jesus against the blue of His mother's dress. Show him a rabbit's track in the snow, and thoughts of God scamper through his mind.

So The Future

"Fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds that fulfill His word," and all he sees, smells, hears, tastes, touches, thinks, or feels, fills him with the fear or the wonder or the awfulness or the might or the mercy or the goodness or the glory or the wisdom of God! How can he write of lesser things? And what does he care if he is not paid? Can money buy the happiness that comes to him with the very thought of God?

The future of the Catholic Press, of Catholic Literature—perhaps even of the Catholic Church in North America—depends on the ability and the sanctity of the Catholic Writer, as I see it.

It does not depend at all on whether this magazine pays half a cent a word or that one a cent and a half.

Yet, speaking as a writer again, I wish I could make a living doing nothing else but writing about God!



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